

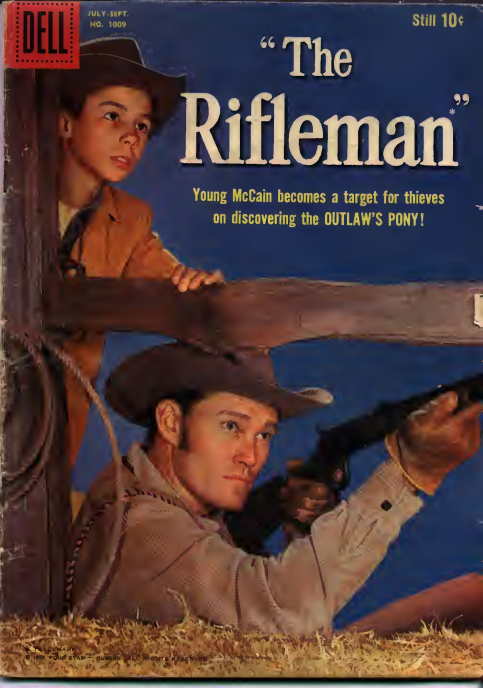
DELL

JULY-SEPT.
NO. 1009

Still 10¢

"The Rifleman"

Young McCain becomes a target for thieves
on discovering the OUTLAW'S PONY!



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"The Rifleman"



LUCAS MCCAIN — The Rifleman — comes West to find a quiet place where he can settle down without being beholden to any man . . . a place where he can raise his twelve-year-old son, Mark, and teach him his code of right and wrong.

Lucas carries a rifle instead of a pistol because he believes that guns are for hunting animals, not humans, and a six-gun is no good for bagging deer.

But he handles his rifle like a six-gun, and can draw and shoot as fast and as sure as any man, when he has to.

Lucas is a peaceable man, but when violence threatens and the crack of an outlaw's gun shatters the quiet, his dreams of peace go up in gunsmoke.

Mark remembers his father's lessons and proves it when he captures THE OUTLAW'S PONY.



* TRADEMARK



"The Rifleman"

for OUTLAW'S PONY

ONE MORNING, AS LUCAS MCCAIN
AND HIS SON, MARK, RIDE INTO
NORTH FORK FOR RANCH
SUPPLIES...

* TRADEMARK

LOOKS LIKE SOME EXCITEMENT
GOING ON IN FRONT OF THE
MARSHAL'S OFFICE, PA!

SUPPOSE
WE HAVE A
LOOK!

ALL OF YOU MEN WHO WANT TO
VOLUNTEER, MOUNT UP! WE'VE
GOT TO MOVE FAST!

WE'RE
WITH YOU,
MARSHAL!

WHAT
HAPPENED,
MICAH?

TWO OUTLAWS...WE THINK IT WAS THE
BRAGAN BOYS — HELD UP THE
CATTLEMAN'S OFFICE! GOT AWAY
WITH ALMOST THREE
THOUSAND DOLLARS!

WE'RE FORMING A POSSE
NOW! LIKE TO HAVE YOUR
AND THAT RIFLE OF YOURS
ALONG, LUCAS?

YOU CAN COUNT ME
IN, MICAH! SOME
OF THAT MONEY
WAS MINE!

YOU'D BETTER GO ON
BACK TO THE RANCH,
MARK! STAY THERE
TILL I GET BACK!

I WAS KINDA HOPING TO
DO SOME FISHIN' OVER
AT THE CREEK, PA... IS
IT ALL RIGHT?

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I SUPPOSE SO...
WE CAN ALWAYS
GET THOSE SUPPLIES
TOMORROW!

MAYBE I'LL CATCH
SOME NICE BASS...
WE'LL HAVE IT
FOR SUPPER
TONIGHT!



ALL SET, LUCAS! WE'LL HEAD SOUTH... ACCORDING TO
ED THAT'S THE DIRECTION
THEY LIT OUT!

I'M READY,
MICAH!



SECONDS LATER,
THE POSSE
THUNDERS OUT
OF
TOWN IN A
CLOUD
OF DUST...

GOOD LUCK, PA!



HOURS LATER, UNDER A BLAZING SUN...

DOESN'T SEEM LIKE MUCH SENSE
IN GOING ANY FARTHER, BOYS!
WE'RE JUST TRAVELING IN
CIRCLES!

THEY MIGHT HAVE
HEADED OVER TO RIM
CANYON, MICAH...



GUESS IT'S POSSIBLE,
ALL RIGHT! WE'LL
RIDE PAST THERE
ON OUR WAY
BACK!

IF WE DON'T
SPOT THEM
THERE, WE'RE
OUT OF
LUCK!





STRENGTHENING PAINTS AND ARMS...



THE BOLT IT WOULD BE THE BOLT...



AND HORN'S ADVENTURE HORSE BOLT
UP THE CANYON...



GET UP HERE!
WE'VE GOT TO
RUN FAST!

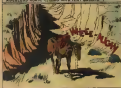
BUT THE HORSE... IT'S IN THE
SHOULDER OF THAT BURNING
HORSE! WE'VE GOT TO GET IT!



IF WE RIDE AFTER THAT HORSE, WE'LL RIDE INTO
THE BURNING HORSE! WE'VE GOT TO GET IT!
THE BURNING HORSE!



Meanwhile, at the other end of the canyon, a
frenzied search is under way for the missing
horses.



I STARED AND THOUGHT, THE
HORSE MUST BE IN SEARCH
OF BATES.



SOMETIME LATER, AT THE OTHER END OF THE CANYON,
HE IS FOUND.



NOT EVEN A BITE! I
WISH HE HADN'T BEEN
HAD BATES AFTER ALL!

AND THE HORSE IS ABOUT TO REVEAL
THE SECRET.



WHY? IT'S
A HORSE!



IT'S BATES! I WONDER
HOW IT BELONGS TO ME.

THE HORSE BUT REMAINS FOR SOME TIME
OF THE CANYON.



WHEN LAST WE SAW A
LONE HORSE, HE WAS
THROUGH THE CANYON
SADDLE!



I GOT TO
GET ME
A HORSE
SOMETIME



WASN'T AS LUCKY
TO GET ONE OUT OF
BONE CORRAL
THAT DAY

I HAD TO GO DOWN TOWN TO THE BANK

I GOT LUPPER ON THE STOVE
SO I GOT 'EM HUNGRY
AFTER CHASIN' OUTLAW
ALL DAY



CHASING AND MEAT
CATCHING. THAT'S EVEN
MORE

WHAT HAPPENED TO
THE FISH, JIMMY?



HEWNT CATCH ANY
BUT I DID CATCH A
SQUID

A SQUID?



WITH A SADDLE AND ALL, I
PUT HIM OUT IN THE CORRAL. I
THOUGHT WE COULD USE
HIM AND SEE WHO HE
BELONGS TO

ABOUT TEN A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE HORSE
DIED AGAIN



WELL, NO. YOUR
SQUID IS ALL
WHAT NOT

WHAT CAN BE? ...
I WANT TO LOOK AT
THAT COW

IT'S HARD TO TELL
HOW LONG I HAD
TOO CLOSE TO HIM



THE SADDLE AND
STUFF IS IN THE
BAGS



AS LUCAS SPURS OUT OF THE STABLE YARD, MARK
WALKS INTO THE HOUSE...





BUT HE LOOKS
SPURD
UP THE ROAD,
TWO
PAIR OF EYES
ARE
WATCHING
FROM
SOME TREES
NEAR
THE KITCH...

WE'RE IN LUCK, FRANK!
THAT RANCHER IS LEAVING!

THIS LOOKS AS GOOD
A PLACE AS ANY TO
SEND ME A HORSE!

AT THE CORRAL, THE OUTLAW GETS A SURPRISE...



LOOK! IT'S MY OWN
HORSE!

WHAT...??!

THIS WOULDN'T HAPPEN AGAIN IN A
MILLION YEARS! OF ALL THE PLACES,
WE PICK THE ONE
BELONGING TO THE
PERSON WHO FOUND
MY HORSE!

AND IF THEY
FOUND THE
HORSE...



...THEY FOUND THE MONEY!
NO SENSE IN LEAVING THAT
BEHIND NOW!

CAREFUL, FRANK...
SEE WHO'S OUT THERE!



IT'S JUST A KID... AND
HE'S ALONE!



MARK OPENS THE DOOR IN ANSWER
TO THE KNOCK AND...

BACK INSIDE, KID! WE
GOT SOME QUESTIONS
TO ASK YOU!

HUH?

THE OUTLAWS COME RIGHT TO THE POINT AND TELL
THE BOY WHAT THEY'RE AFTER...

SO DON'T STALL US! WE
KNOW THAT'S OUR HORSE
AND WE WANT THE
MONEY!

BUT I...I
DON'T HAVE IT!

MY PA TOOK IT TO
TOWN TO GIVE IT TO
THE MARSHAL!

THAT MIGHT'VE BEEN
HIM WE SAW RIDIN'
UP THE ROAD!

HOW DO WE
KNOW THE
KID ISN'T
LYING?

WE DON'T, FRANK... BUT IT
ISN'T LIKELY A KID WOULD
BE STUPID ENOUGH TO
FOOL US!

AND IF THE MONEY'S GONE THERE'S
NO SENSE HANGIN' AROUND HERE!
I STILL FIGURE MY LIFE'S WORTH
A LOT MOREN' THIRTEEN THOUSAND
DOLLARS... MAYBE THE KID'S OLD
MAN'LL BEING THE MARSHAL
BACK WITH HIM!

REALIZING THE OUTLAWS ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE, MARK
DECIDES TO TAKE A CHANCE...

IF THEY LEAVE, THE
MARSHAL MIGHT
NEVER GET THEM!
I'VE GOT TO FIGURE
A WAY TO KEEP
THEM HERE...

WANT ! I WANT TO GO WITH
YOU ! I'VE GOT MONEY...

WHAT ?



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO
GET AWAY FROM HERE FOR MONTHS !
I LIVE WITH MY STEPFATHER...AND
HE'S MEAN ! HE BEATS ME UP
ALL THE TIME !



YOU DON'T LOOK
LIKE YOU'VE BEEN
HURT NONE !

THE LAST BRIDES HAVE
HEALED UP... BUT HE'LL
DO IT AGAIN, YOU JUST
WAIT ! PLEASE TAKE ME
WITH YOU !



WHAT WAS THIS
ABOUT MONEY ?
HOW MUCH YOU
GOT ?

IT'S NOT REALLY MINE...
IT...IT'S MY PA'S — I
MEAN, MY STEPFATHER'S !
HE'S GOT FIVE THOUSAND
DOLLARS !



IF YOU'VE GOT FIVE THOUSAND,
NO...WE'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE
YOU WITH US !

IT MIGHT
TAKE ME
A WHILE
TO FIND
IT...



WE'VE GOT IT HAPPEN...I ..I
GUESS HE DOESN'T TRUST
ME ! BUT WE CAN FIND IT !

WHAT DO YOU
THINK, FRANK ?







WE CAN'T LOOK
FOR IT ALL
NIGHT!

LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE! IT'S NOT NORMA
ANY MORE TIME
LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHING
WE'RE NOT EVEN SURE
EXISTS!

PLEASE...I'M SURE MY
STEPPATHER HID IT SOME-
WHERE! IF WE JUST KEEP...

SAVE IT, KID!
WE WASTED
ENOUGH TIME
ALREADY!



AS THE MEN STEP FROM THE RANCH HOUSE...

HOLD IT RIGHT
THERE, BOYS!



THE OUTLAYS REACT...

A TRAP!



LOOKS FIRES QUICKLY...



AND FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT DAY, FRANK BRAGAN
IS WOUNDED...



LUCKY TAKES OUT AFTER THE FLEWING LEO...



AS LEO BRAGAN STARTS TO MOUNT...



MAYBE YOU
DIDN'T HEAR
ME, BRAGAN!



PA! ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

I'M FINE, SON... BUT MAYBE YOU
COULD TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL
ABOUT? I HEARD SOMETHING
ABOUT ME BEING A STEPPATHER...



I TOLD THEM THAT
TO STALL THEM, PA...
I WANTED THEM TO
BE HERE WHEN
YOU GOT BACK!

DON'T YOU REALIZE
YOU MIGHT HAVE
BEEN KILLED? I
WAY, DID YOU
TAKE SUCH A
CHANCE, MARK?



YOU SAID MARSHAL
TODDANCE WAS UNHAPPY
ABOUT LOSING THESE
MEN! I FIGURED WED
MAKE HIM REALLY
HAPPY IF WE GOT
THEM!

I'LL TAKE THESE MEN
TO THE MARSHAL, MARK!
...SUPPER! YOU AEST
UP OUR PINNER! I'M
STARVING!



22 The **Rifleman** 23

A SCORE TO SETTLE

EARLY ONE MORNING, AT
THE MYCOW RANCH ...

WHACK!
WHACK!

HOLD IT STEADY,
MARK!

TA TOWN, PA!



I SEE THE
MYCOWS
ARE HUNG
UP IT, AS
USUAL!

THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO KEEP A RANCH
RUNNING, MRCOW! WHAT SPRINGS YOU
OUT HERE SO EARLY?



TROUBLE,
LUCAS.
YOURS!

WHA? WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?



THE NAME MRCOW
MEAN ANYTHING
TO YOU?

YEE... KNEW SOME MRCOWS
BACK IN CLAYPOLE... A WHOLE
FANGL OF THEM!



WELL, THERE'S THREE OF 'EM, IN
TOWN, RIGHT NOW! RODE IN LAST
NIGHT... AND THE FIRST HORDS
THEY SPKE WERE THAT THEY
WERE GOING TO SET
MYCOW!





WHEW, THAT'S YOUNG
ED REAGAN TALKING !
LAST TIME I SAW HIM
HIS EARS WERE
MIGHTY WET !



STILL DON'T LOOK
NONE TOO DRY TO
ME, LUCAS !

WELL,
YOU —

HOLD IT, ED ! I TOLD YOU THIS
WAS MY FIGHT ! IF I DON'T DO
THE JOB, HE'S YOURS !



ANYTHING YOU WANT
TO START, BEN



AND ONE THING, GEE,
MISTER... YOU'D BETTER
BE FAST !



IN ANSWER TO THE
CHALLENGE, BEN
REAGAN GOES FOR
HIS GUN...



BUT, AS FAST
AS HE IS,
LUCAS MORIN
IS FASTER...





GET HIM OUT OF HERE! IF ANY OF YOU EVER COME BACK TO NORTH COOK, I WON'T BE SHOOTING TO WOUND!

WE'LL COME BACK, WAGGON. YOU JUST SET YOUR LIFE ON IT!

I'M NOT A BETTIN' MAN, WALT...BUT IF YOU COME, YOU'D BETTER BE READY TO MATCH THOSE STAKES!



I'M NOT A BETTIN' MAN EITHER, LUKE...BUT I'D SAY YOU LEFT THE ODDS A LITTLE TOO HEAVY AGAINST YOU! WHY DIDN'T YOU FINISH HIM OFF?



THE ARGUMENT WE'VE GOT ISN'T WORTH A KILLING, MICHAEL! I JUST WISH THE DEACONS WOULD REALIZE IT!

WHY'RE THEY RILED AT YOU?

HAPPENED QUITE AMILE AGO, WHEN
... WHEN MARK AND I WERE LIVING IN
CLAYPOOL! I'D NEVER HAD ANYTHING
TO DO WITH THE REAGANS... BUT I
KNEW THEY HAD A BAD
REPUTATION...



"I'D GONE INTO TOWN FOR SUPPLIES! IT WAS LATE
AFTERNOON BY THE TIME I WAS READY TO HEAD
BACK TO MY RANCH..."



"WHEN ALL OF A
SUDDEN THE REAGANS,
LED BY THEIR
DICKY, CAME RIDING
IN SIGHT FOR
LEATHER, TELLING
AND SHOOTING
UP A STORM..."



"JUST THEN, A GLIP OF A LITTLE GIRL RAN
ACROSS THE STREET..."



"I COULDN'T GET TO HER IN TIME, SO I
FIGURED TO TRY TO TURN THE REAGANS!"









A FEW DAYS LATER
AT THE REGION
SPRINKED
NEAR THE TOWN OF
CLAYPOOL ...

I STILL SAY WE SHOULDN'T HAVE
COME BACK WITHOUT MICKA'S
HIDE! PA'S GONNA HAVE A
SCREAMIN' FIT!

YOU LET ME
HANDLE, PA
NOW!



SAY! YOU LOOK TO BE IN PRETTY
GOOD SHAPE! HE JUST WINGED
ONE OF YOU, EH?

THAT'S
RIGHT, PA!



BECAUSE WE'VE SETTLED
SCORES NOW! YOU STAY
TO SEE MICKA BURIED
PROPER?

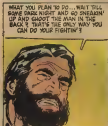
WELL... NO, PA... WE
RIGHT! MATTER OF
FACT, WE, IN—
DON'T GET HIM!



OLD JACK
REAGAN
EXPLODES...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU DIDN'T GET
HIM? WHAT HAPPENED? THERE WAS
THREE OF YOU AGAINST ONE!

FACT IS, PA... THERE WAS A
MARSHAL BACKEN HIM UP! BEN
WAS LUCKY NOT TO GET KILLED!
WASN'T NOTHING WE AND ED
COULD DO!



YOU JUST FORGET ANY SUCH FOOLISH MOTIONS !
A MAN'S JOB TAKES A MAN, NOT A BOY ! I'LL JUST
HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF MR. LUNK MYSELF PERSONAL !

I'LL SHOW YOU ! I'LL
SHOW ALL OF THEM !



THAT NIGHT, YOUNG ED SETS OUT FOR
NORTH FORK, DETERMINED TO PROVE
HIS WORTH...



AND THE NEXT MORNING...

PA ! ED'S GONE ! SOMEONE
SAID HE HEADED OUT TOWARD
NORTH FORK !

THAT YOUNG FOOL !
HE NEVER WAS MUCH
FOR LISTENIN' TO HIS
PA !



SADDLE UP ! WE'RE GOING
AFTER HIM ! SURE HATE TO
LOSE MY YOUNGEST !

RIGHT
AWAY, PA !



MINUTES LATER...

HOIST ME UP !
DANGLING LEG
OF MINE, ANYWAY ! CUNT EVEN
CLIMB A HORSE ANY MORE !

LASTY, PA !
UP YOU GO !





THE WHOLE
REGION TURN
RIDING HARD
HEADS OUT FOR
NORTH FORD...

ANYWAY! SIDE HARD, BOYS! IF WE
DON'T CRUSH 'EM, WE'LL BE SERVING
'EM!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

CAN YOU MANAGE
THAT ALL RIGHT,
MARK?

SURE, PA! IT'S
LIGHT AS A
FEATHER!



LIGHT AS A
FEATHER, HUH?

OHAY! WELL... ANYWAY,
I CAN MANAGE, OKAY!



BOY! THOSE FLAPJACKS
SURE LOOK GOOD! I'M
HUNGRY AS A BEAR!

AREN'T YOU
ALWAYS?



THEN...

LUCAS? LUCAS AGAIN!

PA? AGAIN
THAT?





NO, I DIDN'T, MAH!
A MAH WHO'S GOING
TO USE A GUN DOESN'T
TALK ABOUT IT, HE
USES IT!



I'LL FEEL
HIS GUN!



BUT THEN, HIS
LICKS CARRIES
THE
UNCONSCIOUS
ED TOWARD
THE
HOUSE....

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE,
MAH! I'LL TAKE CARE
OF MY OWN SON!

HE KILLED HIM,
FA! HE KILLED ED!

GET HIM DOWN GENTLE,
MACRAE... THEN GET READY
TO MEET YOUR MAKER!

HACK REAGAN... YOU'RE A BIGGER
FOOL THAN I GAVE YOU CREDIT FOR!
I KNEW YOU DIDN'T USE YOUR HEAD
...BUT I FIGURED YOU COULD USE
YOUR EYES!



I KNOW THIS! THE NEXT GUY
I'M GONNA SEE IS YOU LYIN'
ON THE GROUND! MOVE THAT
BOY OF YOURS ASIDE!

I'M NOT MOVIN'!
YOU GO TO SHOOTIN',
YOU'LL HAVE TO
SHOOT BOTH OF US!



NOT BOTH OF US, HACK... ALL THREE
OF US! MAYBE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE,
BUT YOUNG ED IS BREAKING NICE
AND REGULAR!



REA —

ONLY THING WRONG WITH HIM
IS A BROKEN WRIST AND A
SORE JAM!



A FLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS
COMIC

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"The Rifleman"



The Flip Special®



In the early days of the West, honors were not passed out lightly; they had to be earned... sometimes the hard way. So, when the Winchester rifle was dubbed "The Gun That Won the West," it had already proved its right to the title by long and hard use.



The Winchester rifle was the official weapon of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. Pony Express riders carried them as they thundered across plains and desert. The first railroad builders worked under the protec-

tion of Winchester-armed guards. They were the favorite of buffalo hunters... including the most famous of them all, Buffalo Bill, and there's hardly a cowboy who has not worn out at least one of them.



Lucas McCain's rifle is a made-to-order Winchester called the "Flip Special," with its design is Lucas's secret to his fast draw and shooting. The lever itself sets off the trigger in the Flip Special while in standard rifles

it is necessary to squeeze the trigger separately after the forward and backward thrust of the lever. The added time this motion requires can make a big difference in a vital situation.